

# THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

—NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

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## POPULAR TALES.

SELECTED.

### THE FAMILY PICTURE.

As I was making the tour of the Bas-Vendomois, I was overtaken by night, in a place which was totally unknown to me; I followed the path which I had just entered, without knowing whither it would conduct me. I had not walked a quarter of a league, before I arrived at a small village, surrounded by trees and meadows, and which was situated on the rising of a hill. I stood much in need of repose, and I looked round on every side to find an asylum, when I perceived towards the middle of the village, a small new built house. I resolved to enter and implore the hospitality of the inhabitants. In an apartment that was very neatly furnished, I beheld a young female, who without being pretty, had an open and cheerful countenance; the bloom of youth and health sat on her cheek, and the smile of content on her ruby lips. A young man between twenty four and twenty-five years of age was seated by her, and on his knees was a little child, whom he was regarding with parental fondness.

I related to these young villagers my adventure, and immediately the husband and wife rose to bid me welcome. My rural supper was instantly prepared, and served up with a neatness which redoubled the appetite that exercise had given me. I soon entered into conversation with the young man who was seated beside me, and who replied to all my questions with a frankness and ingenuity that is seldom met in one residing in a cottage in an obscure village.

As we chatted together, I cast my eyes round the apartment, and I could not conceal my astonishment, at seeing a portrait which represented a man of certain age, decorated with the cross of St. Louis. "Ah, Ah!" said I to the young man, "there is a portrait I did not expect to find here." "Nar ought it to be there," replied he; "Whose portrait is it?" "It is that of a worthy and brave officer, one Monsieur de Morange, the owner of a Chateau not very far off. Alas! poor man! there is all that remains of him. He is no more; and that is a sad misfortune; for in him the misera-

ble have lost their best friend." "And how came you, my friend, to possess the portrait of Monsieur de Morange?" "I will inform you, Sir, while you take your supper.

"I was but two years of age when my father died. My father was a poor joiner, who had much ado to live by his labor. A few days after his death, I went weeping to the gate of M. de Morange to ask alms; he took compassion on me, and put me out to board, where I might learn the trade of my father. I used to go every Sunday to the house of M. de Morange, who loaded me with bounty, and I never returned empty-handed. 'Julien,' he used to say to me, 'be honest, work hard, and I will take care of your future fortune.'

"I profited by the advice of M. de Morange, and I endeavored to make myself master of my trade. When I had attained my sixteenth year, this excellent man took me to his house; and giving me a purse, he said, 'Julien, I am satisfied with your conduct, every body speaks well of you. Continue to act worthily, and that is the sure means of prospering. I give you that little sum to take the tour of France. Every one should travel in order to succeed in business. Farewell, come back as worthy as you go away, for worth alone can insure you happiness.'

"I took the money that the good M. de Morange presented me with, packed up my little wardrobe, and the next day set off on my journey. I travelled four years from town to town, always working diligently, and trying to become a good joiner. At twenty years old I became home sick. I was desirous of seeing again the village in which I first drew my breath, and I returned with all possible despatch, without being richer than I was at my departure; but I was an honest man, and master of a good trade, which ought to find me bread for the remainder of my days.

M. de Morange gave me work, and recommended me in the neighborhood. I lived well enough from day to day, and was contented with my lot. I had not yet known what it was to be unhappy, but, alas! it was destined that sorrow must one day take hold of me: life cannot pass on without it. Yet I do not complain; whatever the Almighty does is well done, and that grief I speak of has done me more good

than harm. I fell in love with Colette, now my wife, Sir, as you see. She was then in person, exactly what she is now; but she was rich; her father was a wealthy farmer who cultivated his own land, and who owned several meadows and vineyards, all in the highest order. For my part, I had only my trade, by which I gained half a crown a day, and I lodged in a little cellar I was obliged to hire. I never thought of my poverty, for Colette loved me as well as if I had been rich. We often saw each other, and we made mutual and honorable profession of our affection.

"One day master Sebastien, Colette's father, caught me stealing a kiss from his daughter: and he seized me by the collar, 'What are you about there?' said he. 'I was embracing Colette.' 'What! villain, durst thou take such a liberty?' 'Certainly, since Colette had no objection.' 'And do you imagine that I would allow a fellow like you to pay your addresses to my daughter?' 'Why should you not allow it, when she has no dislike to it? Besides I only address her in the way of marriage.' 'Marriage! with you; yes, yes, she was made and kept on purpose for you. Now here's a good-for-nothing dog, he must have a rich maiden, and has not half an acre of land himself.' I was about to reply; but Sebastien, who is in other respects, the best man in the world, did not wait for my answer; he raised his cudgel, I parried off the blow, and wisely made my escape.

"When I returned to my cellar, I reflected seriously on what had passed, and I found that it was wrong in me to aspire to Colette. But it was a fault I knew not how to repair, and I was soon after devoted only to my love.

"The chagrin I experienced absolutely turned my brain; I neglected my work, my customers left off employing me, and want began to stare me in the face.

"I was reduced to a state of despair, when I took it into my head to go and confide my misfortunes to M. de Morange. He is so good, said I to myself, he wishes me so well, he has already given me proofs of it: perhaps he will take pity on me. I arrived at his Chateau, I asked to speak with the master, and was informed that he was dangerously ill. I returned mournfully home, praying the Almighty from the bot-



tom of my heart to preserve the protector of the wretched. The next morning at an early hour, I ran to the castle to inquire after M. de Morange; and was informed that he died the night before. I will not attempt to describe my grief, nor my regret; I had lost every thing. I went home deeply afflicted, and conjuring the soul of this best of men to intercede with the Almighty for the wretched Julien.

"At the end of a fortnight I learned that his heirs were arrived at the Chateau, and that they were selling off all the furniture that had formerly belonged to him. Curiosity conducted me, like many others, to this sale. I saw all the different articles of furniture formerly belonging to my benefactor passing into the hands of strangers, and my eyes were suffused with tears as I beheld the nephew and neice of the late M. de Morange looking on with most freezing insensibility. In the mean time he had loaded them with benefits while he was alive, and had left them at his death, a yearly income of twenty thousand livres. They sold every thing they found in the house; ah! if I had had so kind an uncle, I should have felt more respect than they shewed to his memory.

"I had been at the sale about half an hour, and was going away, when I heard the auctioneer cry out, 'This picture for a crown! four francs! five livres!' I looked at the picture—and, oh! what did I behold! The portrait of the uncle, the benefactor of those that put it up to sale! My heart felt as if it was bursting; I wept like a child. I am very poor, said I mentally: six francs is all I am worth in the world; but this picture, this portrait of the man that supported and protected me!—no, no, it shall never pass into the hands of a stranger. I bade six francs for it, and the portrait was knocked down to me. I seized it with rapture, and I could not forbear pressing to my lips that mouth which was so often embellished with the smile of philanthropy, and those hands which were so often extended to succor the poor and needy. I carried off the picture to the little humble dwelling it was in future to embellish; but as I carried it along, I was astonished to find it so heavy: I went to hang it up against the wall, but the nail came out, and the portrait fell down. I raised it up carefully, and found it torn a little behind, and a rouleau fell from the canvass. I took up the rouleau and opened it, and judge of my surprise when I found twenty-five double louis! I examined the picture more closely, and I found a double canvass at the back of it, which I lifted up, and under which I found the sum of a thousand louis rolled up in the same manner as those which fell from the other canvass.

"O heavens!" cried I, leaping with joy about my treasure, 'I am now become rich!

I shall marry Colette; O happiness! Good Monsieur de Morange; not contented with generously bestowing his gifts during his life-time, he still gives, though no longer in existence. How like to him is this picture! Oh! it is himself!

"In the mean time a strange kind of idea tormented me;—does this money really belong to me? I have bought the picture, it is true, but would they have sold it to me for six francs, if they had known it contained the sum of a thousand louis? No, no, this money is not my own, I must carry it to the heirs of M. de Morange. Poor Julien, thou wilt never be the husband of Colette.

"While I was making these melancholy reflections, I saw on the ground a note neatly folded up. I picked it up, opened it, and read as follows:

"I am well acquainted with the character and disposition of my heirs. They will sell the picture of their benefactor, as they would myself, if it was in their power. If they are ungrateful enough to get rid of this portrait, the sum that is concealed in it shall be for the purchaser. May it fall into good hands!

CHARLES DE MORANGE.

"This note restored me to life. I may then keep it, said I to myself, with a safe conscience; I may marry Colette! The next morning, as soon as it was day, I hastened to Sebastien's dwelling, 'What do you want here?' said the farmer harshly; 'I wish to speak with you.' 'I have nothing to say to you.' 'You are very haughty, Master Sebastien, because you have got a little farm.' 'What do you mean by a little farm? a poor devil like you, that's not worth a halfpenny.' 'You have not seen what is in my purse.' 'You say right; I believe it is a long time since you saw any thing there yourself.' 'That will not hinder me, if you have a mind to sell me your farm, from giving you as much as another would for it.' 'In words, I dare say.' 'In good louis, father Sebastien, in good louis.' 'Well, I take you at your word, and you shall have it a good bargain.' 'How much do you ask for it?' 'A trifle; two thousand francs.' 'Agreed.' 'Will you come with me to a notary,' continued Sebastien, still jesting. 'With all my heart; come, let us be gone.'

"The good man wished to amuse himself at my expense: we went both together to the village notary. 'Notary,' said Sebastien, 'here is a young nobleman who wishes to buy my farm, and to pay me for it in ready money; be so good as to make out the conditions of sale; my lord will pay for it.' The notary lost no time, read the conditions with a loud voice, which Sebastien signed; I signed also in my turn, to the great astonishment of Sebastien and the notary. 'Ju-

lien,' said the notary, 'all is not done by signature, you have now got to pay.' 'Ay, there's the rub,' said Sebastien, laughing heartily. 'I must say it is rather dear,' replied I. 'It must be paid, it must be paid.' 'What! two thousand francs immediately; indulge me with a few days.' 'No, no, not a day's credit; it must be ready money.' 'Well! so let it be: but it must be on one condition, then, that the notary draws up another contract by which Sebastien shall engage to bestow on me the hand of his daughter Colette, the moment I shall have paid the money.' 'Oh! that I will, with all my heart,' said the farmer, laughing. 'I may promise that without running any risk.'

"I then drew from my pocket the two thousand francs in bright double louis, which I, very consequentially, spread on the table. How astonished were Sebastien and the notary, who kept staring at me with their mouths wide open. I related to them the adventure of the picture, and shewed them the note written by M. de Morange, which rendered me the proprietor of twenty-four thousand francs. 'Monsieur Julien,' said the notary, taking off his hat, 'I am truly happy at your good fortune; I always said you would one day be worth money; the day is now come: I am truly your servant;—and I hope that, Monsieur Julien,' interrupted the farmer, and making me a low bow, 'I have always respected and esteemed you, I assure you I have. I always said you was a fine young man, that you would be something in the world, and I hope that —'

"The contract of marriage was, however prepared, and in a few days after I married Colette. The news was soon spread abroad, and every one was pleased to hear it, except the heirs of M. de Morange. They pretended that this money did not belong to me, because they only wished to sell the picture alone. They commenced a law-suit against me; but the note of my benefactor decided it in my favor. The nephew and neice had also all the costs to pay, and they became the jest of every body for their ingratitude and avarice. I have now been married two years, and they seem to me but two days. We let our father enjoy the possession of his farm, and we have built this house, where we live very happy and comfortable, by a trade that increases every day, because we endeavor to act honestly by every one.

"I placed in this apartment the portrait of the worthy Monsieur de Morange, where it shall remain as long as we live. We will teach our children to revere it, as representing him who was the founder of our little fortune. Observe, sir, the air of goodness diffused over that countenance! How he seems to look upon us! One would imagine he now heard me, and that he delighted at our prosperity, and at the praises we



lavish on him with our lips, from our grateful hearts."

### CHARLES MAURICE.

Charles Maurice, of London, once an opulent adventurer in the West India trade, found reasons to visit Demarara when his age was far advanced. His family consisted of an infirm wife and two infant grandchildren, attended by a young person whose father had left her to his guardianship.—She had not altogether requited it well, for she had married a merchant's clerk whose prospects he did not approve; and his judgment was confirmed by the young man's arrest under very suspicious circumstances. They were deemed sufficient to justify a sentence of transportation, and Susanna, almost a widow but fortunately childless, was received again under the roof of her guardian, who congratulated himself that he had never seen her husband, and consoled her very often by hoping she would never see him again.

Maurice failed in fortune, though his honest heart never erred, and he saw himself compelled to set forth alone, at sixty-seven, on a perilous voyage to the western world. He embarked in a vessel whose commander was but little known to him, and her destination proved to be still less. She touched on the Gold Coast, stored hers. If with Africans for sale, and resumed her course to the West Indies. Providence followed this baleful vessel on her voyage. Want of water and the intense heat suffered by the prisoners, produced a contagious malady in the eyes. It found its way among the crew, seized the commander himself, and his passenger Maurice. An aged man oppressed with many sorrows was not likely to be the least sufferer under this frightful epidemic, which brought delirium with it. When he sickened, one half of the crew were raving, and the rest blind. At last, only one retained his sight, and lost it before the ship had crossed the Atlantic. Famine came in addition to their miseries,—they had hardly strength remaining enough to shew signals of distress, and knew not whether they were in sight of help. Maurice sank into stupor before the last agonies of despair came on his companions, and the fifth day of his sufferings was the last of his recollection. When it returned, his thoughts at first were dim and blind, but presently his touch convinced him that he lay in an European bed, and he heard a sweet familiar voice. "Who are you," he said, "that bring me this cup, and have held my head so often?" "I am Susanna, sir, and you are at home."

Nobody knows the world of comfort in that little word till they have suffered misery in absence. Maurice disdained to weep for joy, but he could ask no more questions.

He dared not, for his only son was in his grave, and his grandchildren might have followed him. His wife was not at his bedside, therefore she must have died, perhaps of grief and fear, after his departure. The aged do not grieve aloud for the aged, and Maurice lay silent till the joyful clamor of two children mimicking the hooting and answering of owls, called him to happier thoughts. This had often been the sport of his grandchildren, and he held out his hands, sobbing their names,—“Which is Charles,—which is Rachel?”—Susanna's voice whispered in his ear that they had grown but little, and he felt in the round soft cheeks and silky hair of the little urchins, as they rolled over his bed, the beauty he could see no longer. Maurice was an honest man, but neither a silent nor a patient one. He deplored his folly in hazarding a voyage to increase the little which might have been enough if women could ever be satisfied. Susanna comforted him by hinting that he had returned to enjoy it when nearly all the rest of his fellow-voyagers had perished before an English vessel met them.

“Perished? yes, and no harm either, if they had nobody to care for them; so my wife is alive, and you think it a comfort to tell me I am come back? Pray, where am I, and where is she?”

“In Wales, Sir,—in South Wales;—and the air blows sweetly on the little nook where our garden is,—and that murmur,—do you not hear it now?—it is the tides on the sand below. We thought Rachel tender,—and—and we knew you loved to walk on the sea-side, and I brought the children here to meet you.” “But their grandmother?—you say nothing of her.”—“She is feeble, sir, and paralytic,—she is with the most kind friends, and she hoped,—and I believed you would be consoled for her absence by Charles and Rachel.”

His wife a helpless dependant and himself blind were touching objects; and the proud English merchant's heart bled. Susanna comforted him by the kindness of silent tears, and in due time by asking him to tell his “hair-breadth 'scapes.” The children sat on his knees, and their hushed breathings shewed their attention. The grandfather was the hero of a wondrous tale till midnight, and then went to rest comforted.

Day after day passed, till the joy of a man rescued from famine and shipwreck sunk into querulous ennui. He grew peevish at Susanna's long absences, and at his grandchildren's, especially when he heard the murmur of many voices below. But when he found these were the voices of Susanna's pupils, and that she kept a school for their maintenance, he was first angry, and then ashamed to find himself and his son's children her pensioners. Pre-

sently his pride and active spirit found a remedy. “Susanna,” he said, “I am blind, it is true, but I can cypher and write as well as if I had eyes; besides, I know better than any woman how to manage those knave-children I hear shouting among your tiny misses:—Let them come, and I will teach them with my own boy.”—Susanna's voice betrayed that she wept.—“Ah, sir!—they are not rich men's sons!”—but after a little pause she added,—“they will be so grateful and so proud!”—And in three weeks Maurice was established on the throne of a schoolmaster, and quite consoled by ample exercise for his lungs and rod. Then on holidays he was the leader of their gambols, and they the briskest laborers in his garden. Such a garden, indeed, might well make his heart proud, and console it for the loss of his London villa: for the hedges were thick with roses, and the geraniums crept into the window of his bedroom. It seemed as if the carnations, and all “the sweet silent creatures” men love in their leisure, grew at his bidding, for the plat before the school-house sent up a steam of perfumes when the morning or evening dew fell. Maurice had but one grief, which arose from the frequent visits of a person whose manners seemed likely to make Susanna forget her still living husband, or wish for his death. At first this young man had consoled him greatly by listening to his eventful history, reading news to him, and assisting in the pleasant toils of his garden. But after two or three months had passed, and he had observed the seventh day always brought this guest for many hours, the old man began to renew his complaints of woman's fickleness, and to warn Susanna against the heinous sin of forsaking even a worthless husband. “Not,” he would say, “that I should blame this clever boy, who understands our trade-laws and the balance of exports and imports so well, for coveting a manager so useful and profitable, if that rogue whose name I hate was dead. By and bye, perhaps, we shall have the comfort of bearing it; and by that time, child, my own boy and girl may be able to work for me, ay, and reward you too. Wait, Susanna, though it be hard matter, and be consoled by your duty.” Susanna always promised to obey, and assured him she had enough to love.

A year, or as it seemed to Maurice only one long summer, passed before his sight began to return, perhaps because the bland air of this coast had restored his frame almost to the vigour of middle age. His watchful nurse, when she perceived one eye beginning to brighten, earnestly entreated him to make few and cautious trials of it, especially in his noon-walks. But sight appeared to him a sense he had never fully enjoyed before; and at last he snatched away the curtain Susanna's care had spread



over his window, and looked out. What a banquet!—Either his gladness brightened every thing, or the mountains, the trees, the sky, were unlike what he had ever seen in England. He crept down into the garden,—he was not deceived—the hedge was composed entirely of geraniums taller than himself, loaded with their silver and scarlet blossoms; and peaches in full ripeness and bloom clustered under the wall.—Birds whose brilliant plumage was new to him, hung in cages among the wicker trellis of the porch, and the children were at play with a young buffalo. Susanna was near them, leaning fondly and familiarly on the arm of the guest so much suspected by Maurice, who stood mute with amaze and almost with dismay, till she spoke in the same meek tone which had consoled him so often.—“Pray forgive us all! When I could be of no use in England, I thought I might try to comfort my husband. I came here with the new Governor’s family, and he supposed a good husband could not be so guilty as not to deserve his notice. Philip is happy enough to please him, and these dear children are our’s. Pardon us for calling them by the same names as your’s. You have already said you could excuse us for loving each other.” Maurice could neither answer nor think distinctly; but by degrees he learned by what chance he had been redeemed from the perishing vessel by one bound to Sydney Cove, in New South Wales. When his name and misfortunes were known there he was eagerly sought by his grateful ward Susanna, who had left England to join a husband more unfortunate than criminal. They carried him to their little tenement, and during the four years which elapsed before Maurice recovered his intellects, the two children were born who assisted Susanna in her art of consoling. When her penitent husband’s banishment ended, the good old man returned with them to England, & was laid in the grave which had received his family, indemnified for his sufferings by one grateful friend,—the rarest, but the best consoler.

#### MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

##### APHORISMS AND MORAL REFLECTIONS.

As the meanest scrap of gauze, of bead, or of tinsel, looks beautiful and costly thro’ the mirror of the kaleidoscope, so does the most common and dreary scene acquire attraction and value, when beheld through the beautifying medium of gratified affection, and in the society of those whom we tenderly love.

If we took as much trouble to conquer as to disguise our faults, we should get rid of them very soon.

It is always a mark of true superiority,

to be able and willing to talk on trifles with those who can converse of nothing else—it is the surest way of pleasing also;—for most persons charm less by displaying their own talents, than by calling forth the powers, and kindly throwing a veil over the deficiencies of others.

When I see women given to suspect other women of unchastity, I am apt to believe, that they know the secret weakness of their own hearts, and are conscious, that so tempted, they should have erred themselves. The truly virtuous woman is not only pure herself, but is slow to give credit to the impurity of others.

Jealousy and Love are twins; but it is lamentable to think, that when Love, the pleasing twin, dies, Jealousy, the unpleasing one, usually survives, and is as vigorous as ever. The cause is, that Jealousy had the strongest and most attentive nurse—namely, Self-love; and Self-love shrinks with aversion from the mortification of being forsaken.

Without command of temper, no one can be sure of always speaking the truth; for many persons of both sexes utter, while under the dominion of passion, what they are glad to disown and explain away when their passion is over.

Who can say to what degradation to one’s self, or destruction to another, the indulgence of vanity may not lead? It may only be weakness in the first instance; in the second it may be vice.

A child of four years old knows right from wrong as well as a person of forty; and the boy, who lies at four years old, will lie when he is grown up; and it is to prevent this, that he ought to be reasoned or punished out of this fault when a child.

Those, accustomed in childhood to curb and deny their little appetites and passions, will be best able to struggle with and surmount the passions and appetites of their riper years.

It is the observation of every unprejudiced person, that those parents are treated by their children, through life, with the most regular attention, affection, and respect, whose conduct towards their offspring through every stage of their existence, has been marked by undeviating principles and ever watchful care—by salutary severity, tempered by parental tenderness; and who laid down for their education rules of right acting, which they enforced by habitual firmness—rules, that like the steady flame which guided the children of Israel at night from the land of Egypt, led them safely through the dangers of childhood, and quitted them not till every peril was past.

There are two sorts of jealousy—the one struts a heroine with a poisoned bowl and a bloody dagger—the other is only armed with pins and needles, and is no heroine at all; but she makes such use of her wea-

pons, that she does as much, or even more harm to domestic happiness, and to the interests of society, than her more lofty and impassioned sister.

There are men in whom the habit of constancy and of undeviating attachment is as strong and unconquerable as in virtuous women; and ill befall that wife, who, though conscious of her happiness in possessing the faithful tenderness of a devoted husband, can dare to abuse the power which she possesses to tyrannize, because she may do so with impunity, over the heart that loves her even with her faults.

*From an Analysis of M. Girard’s works on the Agricultural industry & commerce of Egypt.* The former state of things in Egypt is much changed; thanks to the active and clever man, who under the name of governor is really Sovereign of Egypt. Arts have been introduced, buildings erected, importation diminished, and exportations still more augmented. The balance of commerce daily approaches nearer to its equilibrium.

Egyptian agriculture is not remarkable for the perfection of its method nor for the variety of its productions. Our kitchen-gardens, our orchards, and our fields supply luxuries for our tables, and the necessities of life, in a much greater variety of enjoyment and comfort.

There are no forest trees, properly so called; the fig and sycamore supply planks and are used in building vessels; the black thorn and the Egyptian acacia are employed in the construction of hydraulic machines. The grain of the last excels the oak and gall-nut in the bark, for tanning leather. Oxen, and not horses, are employed in agricultural operations.

The spirit of chivalry shews itself in Egypt in all its native harshness, and not as it was in Europe, under the influence of women. Asiatic and African manners have not this happy corrective.

Some fine linens, and some silk stuffs, are all that the Egyptian weavers furnish the opulent with.

The manufacture of oils does not possess the means of strong pressure, so that a great quantity of oil can not be extracted. The art of making the celebrated *Nome Mareotique* wine is entirely lost; the excellent *Faynoum* grapes produce now but a very indifferent wine, which only keeps a few months.

Some of the professions followed in the towns have acquired a certain degree of perfection, such as saddlery and embroidery; but he adds that the workman are all foreigners, and the work goes on slowly.

To prove this last assertion, it is sufficient to say, that the blacksmiths, carpenters and joiners, work sitting, & only stand



up when they put the work they are upon in its proper place.

Amongst the facts collected in Egypt by M. Girard, those relating to the soil may be consulted with confidence by posterity. In this country the soil neither gains nor acquires any thing: it participates in the stability of nature. But man and his works, the social state, public economy, and statistics of the state, experience the influence of time. Contemporaries ought to know them, such as they are, and history supplies valuable materials: observations concerning them require to be constantly renewed, according to the place, people, and course of events. Ever since the occupation of Egypt by the French the commerce of this country has increased, and industry has made some progress; but the productions of the soil have not yet had sufficient time to undergo a perceptible variation.

According to M. Girard, the population of this country is extremely reduced; several of its arts have disappeared, industry and agriculture have declined, but the earth has preserved its fertility.

Every two acres produce in Egypt nearly twenty-two *hectolitres* of corn, deducting the seed: whilst the best soil in France only produces eighteen *hectolitres*. If we add to this the superiority of the harvest, the advantages resulting from the climate, the inundations of the Nile, and the mud used instead of manure, we shall see the reason that Egypt always was, and always will be, the granary of all the countries watered by the Mediterranean. The extent of cultivated ground might be increased, for the inundations, well conducted by machines, might bring the barren land into fertility. The careless and barbarous management of the Turks neglected to preserve the canals, and all the land not watered by the Nile, without the assistance of art, would have been lost. In the present state of Egypt there is much to repair and more to create. For the prosperity of agriculture reservoirs and canals must be made, and, what is still more difficult, a nation should be formed. The *fellah* of Egypt has not even the advantage of being attached to the land. When he is not proprietor the fields are badly cultivated. And how can we get over the immense space that separates what is, from what ought? Agriculture has lost, not only canals, but all the land fertilized by them, as well as machines, and the way to make use of them. To restore it, industry must be animated, and these long and difficult enterprizes be brought to maturity in a country where every thing depends on life, where no law secures and protects existence and where life itself is enjoyed in doubt and fear: time is required, but time is wanted; and also a slow, continued and regular industry, a firm government, institutions and

knowledge; but all is barbarity, ignorance and anarchy. It is much to be doubted whether Egypt will ever regain her ancient splendour if it remains under the dominion of the Turks.

### HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

*Catharine of Schwartzburg.*—As the Emperor Charles V. on his return, in the year 1547, from the battle of Muhlberg, to his camp in Suabia, passed through Thuringia, Catharina, Countess dowager of Schwartzburg, born princess of Henneberg, obtained of him a letter of safe-guard, that her subjects might have nothing to fear from the Spanish army on its march through her territories. In return, she bound herself to allow the Spanish troops that were transported to Rudolstadt on the Saalbrücke, to supply themselves with bread, beer, and other provisions, at a reasonable price in that place. At the same time she took the precaution to have the bridge which stood close to the town, demolished as hastily as possible, and reconstructed over the river at a considerable distance, that the too great proximity of the city might be no temptation for her rapacious guests. The inhabitants, too, of all the places through which the army was to pass, were informed that they might send the chief of their valuables to the castle of Rudolstadt.

The Spanish general, with Prince Henry of Brunswick and his sons, when they approached the city, invited themselves, by a messenger, to breakfast with the Countess of Schwartzburg. So modest a request could not be rejected; and answer was sent that they should be supplied with all her house afforded, and be assured of a welcome reception. She did not neglect at the same time, to remind the Spanish general of the safe-guard, and to urge him to the observance of it.

On the Duke's arrival at the castle, he was welcomed with friendship, and a well-furnished table. He confessed the Thuringian ladies were good judges of cookery, and did honor to the laws of hospitality; but scarcely had they taken their seats, when a messenger out of breath called the Countess from the hall; and he informed her, that the Spanish soldiers had committed violence in some villages on their march, and driven away all the cattle belonging to the peasantry.

Catharina was a true mother to her people, and the sufferings of the poor always most keenly wounded her feelings. Indignant at this breach of faith, yet preserving her presence of mind, she ordered her whole retinue immediately to arm, in private, and to bar up all the gates in the castle: she then returned to the hall, and rejoined the princes at the table. She there complained to them, in the most moving

terms, of the usage she had met with, and how badly the imperial promise had been kept. They laughed, and told her, that such was the custom in war, and such trifling disorders of soldiers marching through a place, were not to be minded. "That we shall see," said she, with firmness. "My poor subjects must have their own again, or—(raising her voice in a threatening tone, and swearing by her Creator) Prince's blood for oxen's blood!" With this emphatical declaration, she quitted the apartment, which, in a few minutes after was filled with armed men, who sword in hand, yet with the most profound respect, placed themselves behind the chairs of the princes, taking the place of those who had been waiting on them. On the entrance of these fierce-looking fellows, the Duke of Alva changed countenance, and they all gazed at one another in terror and confusion.—They were there cut off from their army, and surrounded by a body of men; they had therefore nothing to do but to summon their patience, and to appease the offended lady on the best terms they could. Henry of Brunswick was the first that recovered his spirits, and concealed his feelings by bursting into a fit of laughter, as the best way of coming off, by turning all that had passed into a jest; concluding with a pompous panegyric on the patriotic concern, and the intrepidity the Countess had evinced. He intreated her to make herself easy, and took on himself to bring the Duke of Alva to consent to what was reasonable. This he immediately effected by inducing the latter to dispatch an immediate order to the army to restore the cattle, without delay, to those persons from whom they had been plundered. On the return of the courier with a certificate that all damages had been made good, the Countess politely thanked her guests for the honor they had done her castle, and they, in return, very courteously took their leave.

*The Scotaks.*—Amongst the people who inhabit Hungary the Scotaks must be included, of whom geographers have till now made but little mention. The Scotaks live in seventy-five villages, in the district of Zemplin. They are of Slavonic origin, and appear to be between the slaves the Ruteniaks and the Polish; but differing from them in their dialect, manners and customs. The men and women have almost all white hair, it is very rare that an individual with black hair is seen. They generally live together in a patriarchal manner. The father gives the management of his house to one of his sons whom he thinks most capable of that office, and the others respect his orders, even though he be the youngest in the family. Their principal employment is keeping sheep.—They buy them every year in Transylva-



nia and Moldavia; feed them during summer, and in the autumn sell them at the market of Hannussalva, or in Bohemia, Moravia, or Sillicta. Many of them are waggoners, and carry wine and leather to Poland, Russia, Prussia, and Austria. A full-grown man very seldom gets on horse-back to drive a carriage; this is confined to the boys in order not to overload the horses; white-headed children who are scarcely taller than the sill of the saddle, are capable of managing with great dexterity six or eight horses. In these teams there is always a white horse, that the driver may see him better in the dark. The Scotaks very seldom unite themselves with other people or tribes; they preserve their own language and take care not to introduce foreign idioms.

*Socrates.*—When Socrates was urged by his friends to make his escape from prison, and thus avoid the sentence of death which had been unjustly passed upon him, he made only the following reply. "Where shall I fly to avoid this irrevocable doom passed on all mankind?" Nor was his reply to another friend, who was bitterly lamenting that he should die so perfectly innocent of offence, less remarkable. "Would you then," said he, "that I should die guilty?"

*Horses' Tails.*—Among the Tartars and the Chinese, a horse's tail is the standard under which they go to war; and in Turkey it is considered as a mark of dignity; the reason of which is, that their standard having been once taken by the enemy, the general of the army cut off his horse's tail, fastened it to the top of a pike, and displayed it to the army; by which he rallied the soldiers, who were in great confusion, exhilarated their courage, and gained a complete victory.

The bashaws of three tails are those who are entitled to have carried before them, three horses' tails fastened to a pike with a gold button.

### LITERARY AND Scientific Notices.

A biography of Lord Byron has been for some time expected from the pen of Thomas Moore, poet, another from that of Mr. Hobhouse, his Lordship's former fellow-traveller in Greece, and a third is said to be preparing by a Captain Medway, a gentleman of distinguished literary attainments, who resided in Italy with Lord Byron for a considerable time, upon the most familiar terms.

At the annual commencement of the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, N. J.

held on the 29th day of September last, 47 young gentlemen received the degree of Batchelor of Arts.

*Native Calcutta Society.*—A Literary Society has been founded at Calcutta, by native Indians of distinction, the object of which is truly praiseworthy. It is intended to enter into discussions on all subjects connected with the progress of civilization and literature. Works of learning and general utility are to be published in English, and little manuals of morals and science, tending to impugn certain inveterate customs, and to lay down rules of reformation conducive to the well-being of individuals in Bengal. To promote these ends, mechanical and mathematical instruments, together with a chemical apparatus, are to be procured. A house is to be erected for the purpose of holding their assemblies, and containing their different collections. A college will be annexed for instruction in the arts and sciences.—*U.S.L.G.*

*Church's Printing Machinery.*—The printing apparatus invented by Mr. Church of the Britannia Works, Birmingham, forms perhaps the most extraordinary combination of machinery that has for a long time been submitted to the public. It consists of three pieces of mechanism. The first of these has for its object the casting of metallic types with extraordinary expedition, and the arrangement of them for the compositor. By turning a handle, a plunger is made to displace a certain portion of fluid metal, which rushes, with considerable force through small apertures into the moulds and matrices by which the types are cast. The farther progress of the machine discharges the types from the moulds and causes them to descend into square tubes, having the shape of the types, and down which they slide. It then brings the body of each type into the position required for placing it in the composing machine; and when the types have descended in the guides, they are pushed back by the machine into ranges, each type preserving its erect position. The machine, then returns into its former state, and the same operation is renewed. The construction of the mouldbar is the most striking portion of the machine.

The second machine selects and combines the types into words and sentences.—The several sorts of types are arranged in narrow boxes or slips, each individual slip containing a great number of types of the same letter, which is called a file of letters. The cases containing the files are placed in the upper part of the composing machine; and by means of keys, like those of a piano-forte, the compositor can release from any file the type which he wants. The type thus liberated is led by collecting arms into a curved channel, which answers the

purpose of a composing stick. From this channel they may be taken in words or sentences, are formed by the hand into pages, by means of a box placed at the side of the machine.

The third machine, for taking off impressions from the types, evinces much ingenuity; but cannot be understood without several drawings. After the types have been used, and the requisite number of impressions obtained, they are re-melted and recast as before, so that every sheet is printed with new types.

It is pretty obvious, we should think, that however well this machine may be made to operate in theory, or in a few experiments, it will be found to fail in the attempt to adopt it for the performance of actual printing in general. We are too much accustomed to the failure of projects which promise a vast deal better than this, to have our faith much disturbed by accounts of wonder-working machines that are to save so unreasonable a share of time and labour.—*ib.*

The Tow-Boat with which Col. Clark experimented so successfully, during the last Summer and Fall, on the Falls of the Delaware opposite this city, is, we perceive again in operation. It has we understand undergone some modification in the apparatus, and will require some further alterations before it will admit of a chain, which seems to be essential to permanent utility. The tow-boat, in its present condition, however, fully and satisfactorily illustrates the principle of towing boats, not only through the rapids, but a considerable distance above, into comparatively slack water—we mention this particularly, because we have heard this plan objected to, on account of its supposed incapacity to effect this object.

However, as the boat will remain here for some time, the better way is, for the incredulous and those interested in the navigation of our rivers, to call and witness its operations for themselves. We rejoice at the prospective benefits which this new application of power is likely to confer on the public, and particularly on a portion of our own state, and trust that this plan will receive from our legislature such support as the nature of the improvement, the public wants, and the enlightened policy of our country and of the day may seem to require.—*Trenton True American.*

*Arctic Expedition.*—The British surveying vessel *Snap*, arrived at St. Johns, Newfoundland, informs that she left the *Griper* at Hudson Strait, not being able to proceed farther with the land expedition than Cape Sedley, owing to the ice.

A new material for the manufacture of paper is said to have been discovered in



France, by which the price of that article will be considerably reduced.

### Summary.

**Domestic Buttons.**—We sometime since noticed the manufacture of highly gilt buttons, at Waterbury, Connecticut: they were then made almost as an experiment. We are pleased to learn, that the enterprising manufacturers, Messrs. Aaron Benedict, Leavenworth, Hayden and Scoville, have considerably enlarged their works from the encouragement they have received; that the prejudice which at first existed has been done away, and that our most respectable merchants and merchant tailors give their orders freely, from perfect confidence that they are at least equal to those imported.—*N. Y. Ad.*

**Flax Machine.**—A Mr. Roumage, of New York, has advertised that he has invented a machine for dressing flax, by which (with only a half size machine) a man and a boy may break 400 weight of flax in a day. The flax is taken to the machine without preparation, and by a simple operation, is broken without injury to the fibre. The bleaching is effected by another process, and, also without resorting to acids or corrosives, is prepared for manufacturing.

COLUMBIA, (S. C.) Sept. 24.

The damage done to the crops of corn, cotton and rice, in this state, it is believed, upon an average, may be correctly calculated at *half the whole crop*. Some planters have lost their entire crop of corn and cotton.—These are generally the most wealthy who own immense plantations in the swamps and low grounds, which have been totally covered with water. The fields looked like broad lakes, with here and there a small knol or island, above water. It was really distressing in the highest degree, to get into a canoe and traverse some of the swamps and low grounds. Many persons neglected to move away their cattle and hogs in time; and their floating dead bodies drifting against trees and rafts of timber, every where marked the ravages of the flood.

The late arrivals at New York from Europe, bring accounts of the death of Louis XVIII. King of France. He is succeeded by the Duke d'Artois, who being as imbecile as his predecessor, is not expected, by his accession to the throne, to produce any effect upon the politics of Europe. He is 65 years old. The next in order of succession is the Duke d'Angouleme, and after him the infant son of the late Duke of Berri.

**Great Britain.**—Sir Hudson Lowe has been appointed Governor of Antigua, and was about to sail to that place.

Mr. Canning had left London for Ireland, on a private visit to the Marquis of Welles-

ley. Some of the London Journals were attempting to give this jaunt a *political* complexion, but the Courier says, that all such objects would be studiously avoided, for obvious reasons.

Disturbances continue in Ireland, and the Clonwell Herald states, that a sergeant's guard of the 1st Royals were mostly killed and wounded in a rencontre with the country people in the neighborhood of Castlebar, county Mayo, while endeavoring to protect an illicit which they seized and which was rescued by the mob. The bodies of some of the soldiers have not yet been found.

Considerable alarm existed in consequence of a turnout of the cotton spinners in various parts of Lancaster and Scotland.

In all parts of Great Britain the harvest promises to be one of the most productive that has been known in the memory of man; the reports from Ireland are equally favorable, and upon the continent the crops are stated to be no less abundant. A field of reaped wheat at Howorth, has produced a crop of 844 sheaves per acre. The papers of Sherborne, Westmoreland, Pottery, Worcester, Durham, &c. all speak of most luxuriant crops of grain, and of universal gratitude to the Almighty Being, to whose bountiful goodness they are indebted.

**Spain.**—The affairs of Spain continue in a very unsettled state. There are some indications of an organized system of operations for the recovery of their liberty by the patriots of this devoted land; but their prospects of success do not appear to be very flattering.

**Greece.**—The Turks are straining every nerve to renew the campaign, and avenge themselves for their late discomfiture. The accumulation of troops in the neighborhood of Smyrna, for the attack upon the island Samos, was very great. The promise of plunder appear to have a great effect on these barbarians. Some letters state the numbers at seventy thousand. Two or three murders had taken place, and five or six houses had been sacked, but the interference of the Pacha had prevented further excesses in the city. In the neighboring villages, however, the scene of pillage and murder is reported to be indescribable. The attack on Samos was expected to take place within a week from the 4th of August. The Captain Pacha's fleet was still at Mitylene, waiting to take in the troops destined against Samos. The Greeks are said to have about fifty armed vessels in the Archipelago, employed in watching the Turks in the neighborhood of Mitylene. One account states that the Turks have gained possession of Athens; but we can find no good authority for this. On the contrary, it is stated that captain Gouras, commandant at Athens, is gone with 4000 men to Thebes, against a Turkish column of 12,000 men that threatened the first city. It is further stated in a paragraph dated Syra, July 15, that Gouras with a small force has beaten Omer Pacha, who commanded a corps of 15,000 men in Africa.

The Egyptian fleet has arrived off the Island of Rhodes. It is said to consist of 180

sail, with 20,000 troops on board. It is believed that it will proceed directly to the Morea, and then, say the Turks, Colocotroni will declare for them. The Turkish Government, it is insinuated, has a horrible project—namely, to carry away from the Morea the rebels of the Christian population, and settle them in Egypt, and to bring Egyptians to inhabit that beautiful Peninsula. Will it be believed that many unworthy christians in Pera have expressed the most inhuman joy at this shocking report.

### MATHEMATICS.

By inserting the following solutions to the questions in your last, you will oblige,  
D. T.

**SOLUTION 1st.** As the force is equal to the rectangle of the weight and velocity, therefore, we find that a ball of 32 lb. wt. must be projected with a velocity = 6250 feet per second, to do equal execution. But it has been ascertained that gunpowder when fired, changes its form into an elastic fluid, and endeavors to expand in all directions with a velocity = 5000 ft. per second, so that we find even without allowing any resistance to the ball (which is enormous) that the powder does not expand rapidly enough, and of course cannot give a momentum which it does not possess itself. Therefore, it is impossible.

**SOLUTION 2nd.** Let  $x$ , denote the time in which it will reach C, then will  $x - \frac{1}{10}$  be the time in which it will reach B, and  $x$  also the time the bullet is passing through AB. Then  $1140x = AC$ , also  $1140x - 114 = AB$ , also by gravity or uniform motion  $12 \div x^2 \div 16x^2 = BC$ . Then by right angled triangles

$$AC^2 - BC^2 = AB^2$$

$$\text{that is } (1140x)^2 - (16x^2)^2 = (1140x - 114)^2$$

$$\text{or } -(16x^2)^2 = -228 \times 1140x + 114^2$$

$$\text{or } -196x^4 = -259920x + 114^2$$

$$\text{or } -196x^4 + 259920x = 114^2$$

$$\text{or } -x^4 + 1015.3x = 50.76$$

in which equation we soon discover  $x$  to be nearly 10. Therefore, put  $10 + z = x$  and substitute it in the equation, and we have

$$10153 + 1015.3z - 10000 + 4000z + 600z^2$$

$$[&c. = 50.76]$$

$$\text{or } 2984.7z + 600z^2 = 50.76 - 153$$

$$\text{that is } z^2 - 4.97z = -\frac{92.24}{600}$$

$$z^2 - 4.97z + \frac{24.7}{4} = -\frac{92.24}{600} + \frac{24.7}{4}$$

$$z - \frac{4.97}{2} = \sqrt{6.021} = 2.45$$

$$z = 2.45 \pm \frac{4.97}{2} = .035$$

which is near enough. Therefore  $10 + z = x$  or  $10 + .035 = x$  value in sec. and consequently  $BC = 16x^2$  or 1610 feet the height required.



## POETRY.

SELECTED.

TO ———,

THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Thy smiles, thy talk, thy aimless plays,  
So bountiful approve thee,  
So winning light are all thy ways,  
I cannot choose but love thee:  
Thy balmy breath upon my brow  
Is like the summer air,  
As o'er my cheek thou leanest now  
To plant a soft kiss there.

Thy steps are dancing towards the bound  
Between the child and woman;  
And thoughts and feelings more profound,  
And other years are coming;  
And thou shalt be more deeply fair,  
More precious to the heart;  
But never canst thou be again,  
That lovely thing thou art!

And youth shall pass with all the brood  
Of fancy fed affection;  
And care shall come at womanhood,  
And waken cold reflection;  
Thou'lt learn to toil, and watch and weep,  
O'er pleasures unreturning,  
Like one who wakes from pleasant sleep  
Unto the cares of morning.

Nav, say not so! nor cloud the sun  
Of joyous expectation,  
Ordain'd to bless the little one,  
The freshling of creation!  
Nor doubt that He, who now doth feed  
Her early lamp with gladness,  
Will be her present help in need,  
Her comfortor in sadness.

Smile on, then, little winsome thing!  
All rich in nature's treasure,  
Thou hast within thy heart a spring  
Of self-renewing pleasure.  
Smile on, fair child, and take thy fill  
Of mirth, 'till time shall end it;  
'Tis nature's wise and gentle will,  
And who shall reprehend it?

## HOPELESS LOVE.

That silent, touching, drooping eye,  
That look of wee, that melting sigh,  
Speak what no human art can sooth,  
The keen, sharp pang of Hopeless Love.

Hope may the captive's chains relieve;  
Time bid the mourner cease to grieve;  
But hope, nor time, can e'er remove  
The throb of lasting Hopeless Love.

Of all the ills the feeling mind,  
In this sad pilgrimage may find,  
Thou strike the most, the deepest move,  
That wound the breast with Hopeless Love.

Pain, sickness, poverty and care,  
Fortune may heal or friendship share;  
But spare me, heaven! that cup remove,  
Whose bitter draught is Hopeless Love.

## A WELSH MELODY.

Air—*The Ash Grove.*

'Tis eve on the ocean,  
The breeze is in motion,  
And briskly our vessel bounds forth on its way;—  
The blue sky is o'er us;  
The world is before us;  
Then Ellen, my sweet one, look up and be gay!  
Why sorrow thus blindly  
For those who unkindly  
Could launch, and then leave us on life's troub-  
led sea;  
Who so heartlessly scanted  
The little we wanted,  
And denied us the all that we ask'd—to be free!  
But we've 'scap'd from their trammels,—the word  
is—Away!  
Then Ellen, my sweet one, look up and be gay.

On, on, we are speeding,  
Whilst swiftly receding,  
The white cliffs of Albion in distance grow blue:  
Now that gem of earth's treasures,  
The scene of past pleasures,  
The home of our childhood, fades fast from our  
view;  
Yet still thy heart's swelling,  
My turtle-eyed Ellen!  
What reck's it to us that we leave it behind;  
Dark ills may betide us,  
But fate cannot guide us  
Where foes are more bitter, or friends are less  
kind  
Than we have found them at home;—but the word  
is—Away!  
Then Ellen, my sweet one, look up and be gay!

Now twilight comes round us,  
And dimness hath bound us,  
And the light-house looks forth from its sur-  
beaten height;  
Like Hope's gentle beamings  
Through Sorrow's deep dreamings,  
Or the load-star of Mem'ry to hours of delight.  
Though self-exiled we sever  
From England for ever,  
We'll make us a home and a country afar;  
And we'll build us a bower  
Where stern Pride hath no power,  
An the rod of Oppression our bliss may not mar.  
We have broken our chain, and the word is—  
Away!  
Then Ellen, my sweet one, look up and be gay!

## WIT AND REASON.

Wit once was a Traveller, and wonder'd, they  
say,  
To find on a sudden a brook in his way;  
While grave Common Sense, with his staff in his  
hand,  
First measured how far he was off the dry land.

Wit look'd at the stars, and gave thanks for their  
light—  
Plain Reason sought fuel to warm them all night:  
Wit gather'd the sweetbriars dropping fresh dew,  
But Reason chose dry-wood his fire to renew.

"How wide is this brook?—Shall we cross it or  
no?"

"There's no bridge," replied Reason, "above or  
below."—

Joy's light flow'ry wand for a plank was unfit,  
So away swam the sprigs and the garlands of Wit.

But Reason sat down; as in legends we're told  
A wise Basket-factorer once did of old;  
And plaiting and twisting the tenderest sprays,  
Soon wrought a bridge worthy an architect's praise.

Though hurricane's blow, and the flood rush'd  
along,

The light pliant wicker-work ever proved strong;  
And no bridge over life can so well bear the wea-  
ther

As Fancy's light joys knit by Reason together.

## BALLAD.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Thy way along life's bright path lies,  
Where flowers spring up before thee;  
And faithful hearts, and loving eyes,  
Assemble to adore thee;  
The great and wise bend at thy shrine,  
The fair and young pursue thee;  
Fame's chaplets round thy temples twine,  
And pleasure smiles to woo thee!

Yet 'mid each blessing life can bring,  
Thy soul is still repining:  
Thy breast is like the icy spring,  
O'er which no sun is shining;  
And friendship's presence boasts no charm,  
And beauty's smiles are slighted;  
Nor joy, nor fame the heart can warm,  
That early love has blighted!

## THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

White bud, that in meek beauty so dost lean  
Thy cloister'd cheek as pale as moonlight snow;  
Thou seem'st beneath thy huge, high leaf of green  
An Eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud! thou'rt emblem of a lovelier thing;  
The broken spirit that its anguish bears  
To silent shades, and there sits offering  
To Heaven the holy fragrance of its tears.

## THE DYING FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

E'er the last struggle came, with accents mild,  
A dying parent thus address'd his child:—  
"Fair is thy form, my daughter! keep with care  
Thy name as spotless as thy form is fair.  
Whate'er thy lot may be, from Heav'n 'tis sent;  
Be active, modest, frugal and content;  
And if some youth in fond affection's hour  
Should woo, and win thee to the nuptial bower,  
Be all thy mother was, then oft shall he  
Bless through his life the hour that gave him thee,  
And think in youth, and feel in life's decline,  
A wife's best portion is a heart like thine."

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